

F U N in an A L L E Y ;

O R

The F O O T M A N Trapp'd.



Come all ye young gallants that's passing along,
Pray listen a while to my frolicksome song
The joke it is merry as e'er you did hear,
And for truth it was done in Hanover-square.

A charming young lady of beauty so fair,
As it is reported is now living there ;
Her fortune it was fifty-n hundred a year,
And many young gallants did to her repair.

A lord that lives in the neighbourhood there,
A courting did come to this lady fair,
He was lik'd by the lady, they were to be wed,
And all things we find on both sides were agreed.

This lady's temper being merry and free,
One day, after dinner, when drinking of tea,
This noble young lord with his sweet heart was set
And being very merry, began for to jest.

They began for to talk of what dishes they lov'd,
Says the lady, I much of a pig do approve,
With that the young lord he did answer again,
I'll give you the finest that ever was seen.



Both young and tender my dear it shall be,
And as white as a chicken in every degree,
Permit me my love, the honour to have
To make you a present of what you do crave.

But I'll be at supper, my joy and my dear
And merry we'll be I solemnly swear,
So send your footman this evening my dear,
And the pig shall be ready against he comes there.

This thing was agreed, the pig was to be sent,
And the very same evening the footman he went ;
But now comes the merriest part of my song,
Will make you to smiler before I have done.

Jack comes to my lord so neat and so trim,
Jack, says the lord, for the pig you are come :
Here's the finest, my boy, that ever was seen,
So carry it home to my beautiful queen.

And tell her to supper I'll certainly come,
At the hour often I'd have it to be done,
Jack, answer'd, My lord, it shall be as you say,
He took up the pig and went jogging away.

But as he was trudging along in the street,
A buxom young doxy he chanced to meet,
She tipt him the wink, down an alley did turn,
He quite forgot supper, and after her run.

He ask'd her the price, she told him a crown,
He gave her a groat, and the basket set down !
He said, let it lie 'till our sport it is o'er,
But little did think he should see it no more.

A country girl that a fooling had been,
And got up her belly, came here to lie in ;
From the parish nurse had just come abroad,
(Poor creature ! she had no place of abode)

Came down the dark alley the child for to lay,
Tumbling over the basket as they were at play.
She whipt out the pig, and the child she put in,
And softly crept out of the alley again.

The child in the basket did lay snug and warm,
Jack follow'd his sport and thought it no harm ;
So enamour'd was he with his Phillis so fair,
He would not be baulk'd had the devil been there.

Of his watch and money the whore did him bite
Saying my dear you don't think of the supper to night
That's true, said the footman, so good night, my dear
Then he took up his basket and home he did steer.

To fetch up the time he had lost with his frow,
He ran every step he had for to go ;
All in a smock with the basket did run,
And gave the fair lady to know he was come.

The lady she sent for him into the room,
Where ladies at tea table were set around,
She said unto him, what's my lord sent the pig ?
Yes, a fine one, says Jack as white as an egg.

And so in a hurry the pig to pull out,
The baby did squall, and the ladies did shout.
Jack star'd, and seem'd like one that was wild,
Saying, Zounds madam ! the pig's turn'd to a child.

The ladies for laughing could none of them speak
And the child for bubbly most sadly did squeak.
At last they begun to guess what was meant
And she resolv'd to send him again the present.

She said to my lord take the pig back again,
And tell him I'm much beholden to him,
He run with the child so loud it did bawl,
The women set on him like birds on an owl

Saying where's the rogue going to carry the child,
He made them no answer, they thought he was wild.
So to the lord's house after him they did run,
To see what would with the young baby be done.

He rung the bell, the servant did come,
He said, where's your lord ? for I am undone :

The lord from the window then did look out,
To see what the meaning was then of this rout.

At length down stairs to the footman he came
Who said to the lord, what is this you have done,
Here is such a thing would make a man wild,
The pig, my good lord ; is turn'd to a child.

The lord drew his rapier, saying what do you mean
You dog, get you home with your bastard again
Did ye think to bite me, you dog at this rate,
So gave him a cuff, and a bang on the pate.

The footman fearing his life he must pay,
Was heartily glad to get out of the way,
The lord he instantly call'd for his chair,
And hurry'd away to his lady fair.

Then coming up stairs in a trembling fright,
Crying, what is the matter, my love and delight,
That impudent rogue brought a child unto me,
I'll swear 'twas a pig, love, I sent unto thee.

The lady said sure, my lord 'tis your own game,
If you gave him a pig, sir, he'd bring us the same,
Or how could the fellow bring such a thing here ?
At this the young lord in a fury did swear.

The footman was call'd there examin'd to be,
The lord said, truth, firah, come tell unto me,
Did you not sit down the pig by the way ?
John fell on his knees, saying, sir, I do pray :

John's Confession.

FORGIVE, and the truth I'll unto you report,
I pick'd up a whore and I gave her a groat ;
And in a dark alley the basket I set,
And there my good lord, I suppose I was bit.

To hear John's confession they laugh'd till they piff
The lady said, He shall strait be dismiss'd
But he must father the child for the same,
And it must be christened after his name.

Next came a letter the truth to make known,
From the young baby's mother that told all the fun ;
And how, while the footman was kissing the whore,
She left him the baby because she was poor.

John then miss'd his watch and his money also,
And in a short time to the doctor did go ;
The lady we hear was pleas'd at the joke,
She has given the infant, as the people report :

Ten pounds a year to keep it till it was big,
And the christian name was called, Young Pig,
It serves them for pastime the long winter nights,
While the young lord is courting his joy and delight.

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